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SUNDAY READING.

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OR, THE

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GOOD PAPER PRINT

James H. Thompson



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Good Parish Priest, &c.

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behaviour subjected them to be rebuked by him still could not in their *hearts*, forbear respecting him however they might sometimes grumble at, and even abuse him for the *liberty*, as they called it, which he took in reproving their conduct.

There was one John Hobson, a working carpenter, who lived at a little distance from Mr. Dormer and who, by his drunkenness, and bad treatment of his wife, frequently drew upon himself the rebuke of his worthy minister: this man was often heard to say, that he believed, if ever an angel came to live upon earth, Parson Dormer was one. But then, as he was fearful of having given him too much praise he would add; "But I, for my part, cannot endure him: I hate such *over* good people! I think they are not fit to live amongst us men, in heaven, indeed such kind of folks may do very well, but whilst we are upon earth, I never desire to see such sanctified people; I hate them, for my part!" James Fisher, a blacksmith, to whom the above speech was addressed, replied, "How can you, John, permit your tongue to utter such wicked and foolish language? When you say our good pastor is like an angel, you speak well enough, for in truth I think he must be; at least, of this I am sure if he is not an angel *now*, he will be one *hereafter*, for there certainly never was a better *man* upon earth than he is: so kind and good to every one; so ready to assist all that require help: so charitable, and so tender if any body is sick, I declare I never in all my life beheld his equal." "Nor any one else," replied John Hobson. Did not I say as much when I called

an angel? But for all that, I hate to come
 within the sound of a hammer of the man." "But
 why so," enquired Fisher, "if you acknowledge
 him to be so good, and so kind, what can be the
 reason of your so much disliking him? Surely the
 better any person is, the more we ought to respect
 and love them." "Aye, aye, that is very fine talk,
 replied John, but however much I may respect him,
 I love a man that takes care of his own business,
 and leaves me to take care of mine, without trou-
 bing his head with any of my concerns. What, I
 would like to know, does it concern him, how I
 spend my money? And if I like to let every farthing
 go for liquor at the alehouse, what is that to
 him? And what concern is it of his how I treat my
 wife? I do not meddle with his! and if I like to give
 her a good thrashing, when she plagues my heart
 for money, is that any business of his? I call it
 very *impertinant*, and *officious*, and being a *busy*-
body, and what I hate, neighbour Fisher, and that
 the reason I hate our parson. Why I never meet
 him, that he does not begin with his questions, and
 inquires about this, and about that, and about the
 other. All of which he has no concern with I say I
 hate such long preachments. I think it does very
 well for a parson to preach in a pulpit of a Sunday;
 and so he ought to do, and then tell people of their
 duties, and how they should behave themselves:
 and, to be sure, every one in the Church ought to
 listen to them attentively, if they like to hear such
 kind of things, though, for my part, I am not one
 that is at all fond of church, and attending to such
 grave lectures. Is it not then a provoking thing,
 that

that if I never go to interfere with him in his way of trade, as you may call it, he should be for ever coming to plague me with his preachment in mine. But for all this, as I do not wish to tell lies for nothing, I cannot deny that he is a good man, and a charitable man, and a kind man too, where he happens to take a fancy. But I do not, for all that, ever wish to see him within my doors. And if it was not that he is a *Justice*, as well as a *Parson*, I would kick him out the next time he entered."

I "Then I am sure," replied James Fisher, "You would kick out the *best* friend you ever had, or would have in your life. Before you talk of kicking him out, Hobson, you had better recollect who it was who paid the doctor, when your wife and three young children all lay sick of the small-pox together, and who was it paid your rent, when your barn would have been taken from under you: And who was it all the last hard winter sent you three loaves a week, to help keep you from starving." "Who did all this for *me*?" rejoined Hobson. He did none of it for *me*, it was only for the sake of my wife and children. I might have been starved over and over before he would have done it for *me*, if it had not been to help them. And I will be hanged if I would not have suffered the landlord to have laid my poor carcass on the bricks before he would have paid the rent, if it had not been for Bet and her children; for I believe he as little cares for me as I do for him." "You are an ungrateful fellow, John," said Fisher, "to talk so of a person who has spent *shillings*, and *shillings*, aye, and *guineas* too, for

help your family : And surely the person who helps
 a man's *family*, helps the man himself ; At least, so I
 always think it. Mr. Dormer puts one of my boys to
 school, and ought not I to acknowledge the expence
 that it puts him to, as money that is given to my-
 self ? Is it not just the same thing."

Here John Hobson burst out into a loud laugh,
 repeating the words, " Is it not just the same thing ?"
 " Just the *same* thing indeed ! No truly, I think it as
 different a thing as a *nail* and a *hammer*. I should
 never think putting a boy to school, was half so
 good a thing as giving me the six-pence a week to
 get a dram would be. If the parson would do that
 now, I would say something to him ; and I promise
 you I should think he did much more for me, than
 all his gifts to my wife, and all his long lectures to
 me put together have ever yet been."

John was here stoped short in his speech, by the
 appearance of Mr. Dormer, who unexpectedly turn-
 ed out of a lane by which the two men were that
 moment passing. The honest countenance of James
 Fisher brightened up with real pleasure, at the
 sight of his much honoured minister, whom he consid-
 ered as his *father* and his *friend* ; whilst Hobson,
 conscious of the ingratitude of his heart, hung down
 his head ashamed to utter one word, or so much as
 lift up his eyes. After Mr. Dormer had for some
 time talked to Fisher, and very kindly enquired af-
 ter his wife and children, he turned himself to
 Hobson, and spoke to him in the following words.
 " I am glad, neighbour Hobson, to see you in com-
 pany

pany with my honest friend James Fisher. I look well, I think; you can not; I am sure, chuse a better companion, or one who would more willingly put you in a way of saving your money, and living in comfort with your wife and children. I suppose you have been to Fisher's house some times, and, if so, you must see how very different it appears from your own habitation. Your trade is as clean as his, and I know your wages are as good; yet to see the difference of your apartments any body would suppose he had *pounds* to spend where you have only *shillings*. So in truth he has to spend upon his family, for he saves all that he earns by honest labour, to maintain and make them happy. Whereas, you drink up all the fruits of your toil, and leave as good a wife as ever man was blessed with, to starve with all your helpless children."

Here Hobson interrupted Mr. Dormer by muttering out some words against his wife. "As for her very great *goodness*," he said, "he could not see in what it consisted. She was always grumbling and fretting, and crying about something or other so that he had no pleasure of his life. Always at night, when he went home, she was sure to plague him for money, can't you let me have some money John? can't you get Tom, or Bet, or Poll, or some one or other of the *brats* a new pair of shoes? was always the burden of her song; besides, she never provided any thing better for his dinner or supper than a few potatoes or a hard dumpling; whereas Fisher's wife, always got him something nice and comfortable when he went home."

"So would yours, Hobson," said Mr. Dormer, "if you would supply her with money to purchase it. But can she possibly get you any thing when she has not a farthing to buy it with? On that appearance of comfort can there be at your meals, when you have not so much as a table to put it upon, that can stand without being propped against the wall, nor a chair to sit upon that is not broke to pieces; nor a plate or a basin that have not great bits broke out of them? Sure enough, there does not look to be any comfort in your dwelling. But, John, as I have often told you, it is all your own fault." "My fault!" replied John in an angry tone of voice, "pray how is it my fault? If God has made me a poor man how can I help it? I have heard you *yourself* Sir, say a hundred times, that riches and poverty are both according to the will of God. If then it is his pleasure I should be poor, I wonder how I can possibly help it, or make myself rich?" John, said Mr. Dormer, shaking his head, I am sorry to find you so determined to be perverse. I have said many times, that every person's station in life is certainly appointed them by the wisdom of Providence, and therefore, every one ought to be contented in that state of life, in which God has placed them. But, John, I am persuaded, you never heard me say, that a man ought not to do his duty in his station, be it what it will. Is it his duty, do you think, of a Carpenter, instead of working diligently to gain an honest livelihood, to be idle, and *loiter* away his time, and not work a day in three? can it be the duty of a carpenter

ter, when he has a wife and six children to provide for, to spend all the money he earns, upon his own pleasure at the *Alehouse*? Is this the duty of a man whom God has placed in a low station of life? Or will you pretend to say, that it is the will of your Creator you should be starving and destitute of every comfort, because that is the condition you are now in? No, John; it is not your kind Creator who makes you so wretched, it is your own wicked ways that has brought you into such miserable poverty. God hath blessed you with health, and given you hands, and strength to work; he hath also placed you in a situation in which you may, by diligence, gain a sufficiency to maintain yourself, your wife, and children, in decency and every comfort they can require. It is you, therefore, that are your own tormentor; and the torment and ruin of all your family. Instead of living in credit, and having the respect of all your neighbours, as every *honest* poor man will always have, you are a disgrace to the parish that holds you, and your children look like vagabonds, who ought to be sent to the *bettering house*.

"Well, Sir," replied Hobson, "that is no fault of mine: It cannot be expected that I should mend their *petticoats*, and *frocks*; so if my wife lets them be in rags *she* is to blame for it, and not I. And, as for your saying, that all *honest* poor men will be respected, I will defy any one to say I am not *honest*. I never wronged a person in my life of a single farthing, as I know of: and surely I may do what I will with my own money, without asking any man's leave."

provide how I shall spend it." "John Hobson," said
 Mr. Dormer, "you argue very perversely. In the
 first place it is intirely *your* fault that your child-
 ren are in rags; certainly you are not expected to
 mend their petticoats, that is undoubtedly your wife's
 place; but it is *your*s to supply them with food and
 clothing; neither of which you do: And if it was
 not for your wife's daily hard labour, by which she
 secures bread for them, they must all be starved."
 "Well! said John, and pray why should not *she*
 work for them as well as I? I have no notion, for
 my part, of women sitting still, all day long, like
 drones in a hive, while their husbands slave them-
 selves to death for them. I *hate* such *idle buffies*.
 And indeed, Sir, although you are a gentleman, and
 a parson, and ought to know better than I do, yet
 you must excuse me, Sir, telling you, that to go a-
 bout, and teach the women that they must be fine *lazy*
madams, whilst their husbands work hard to bring
 them money, is not acting right, and I must, Sir,
 take the liberty of repeating, that I think, Sir, in so
 doing you do very wrong, and, in my opinion, such
 private lectures to our wives will do more harm,
 than all your preaching in the pulpit of a Sunday
 will ever do good."

"Why, to be sure John, replied Mr. Dormer, if
 I went about, giving such kind of *private lectures*,
 as you call it, I must agree with you, that I should
 be acting very wrong, and even very wickedly; and
 should be doing much more harm then. I
 shall ever be able to do good. But do you
 know, that I think a woman who takes care of her
 husband, and works for him and herself, and *six*
 children,

children, and keep her house nice and clean, can
 not be a very idle *hussy*, or deserving the name of
 a *lazy madam*? Nor is it possible she can so take care
 of her family, if she is obliged to go out to daily hard
 labour, to earn bread to keep them from starving;
 consequently they must be neglected, their clothes
 must all go to rags and tatters for want of mending;
 the bigger children must be left to run about the
 streets and get into the habits of idleness and wicked-
 edness; and the younger ones grow *weakly, unhealthily*
 and *miserable* for want of care and good nursing.
 This, master Hobson, is the case of your family
 whereas, if you was but as frugal as your wife,
 you would spend no more upon your own drink
 than she does, or than is necessary when you are
 working hard, and would bring home what you
 might earn every week of your life, if you would
 but be industrious, and keep constantly to your work.
 I say, if you would but do this, you would soon
 see a difference in your house and family, and would
 find, that God, instead of making you so poor and
 miserable as you now are, would allow you even the
 comfort you reasonably wish for. Some people
 are certainly born to larger fortunes than others,
 but believe me, John, it is not all the money
 the world can make a man happy if he is not a good
 man, but allows himself to live in the neglect of God's
 commands. You said just now that you was an
honest man, and had never *wronged* any one. I do not
 accuse you of having been guilty of direct
 and *stealing* from any one; but must say, that
wronging others who do not give them what is their
 due. Now, John, whatever you may think of
 children,

after, you certainly most wickedly *wrong your wife* and *children* of their just due, by not giving them assistance which they have a right to expect from you. When you married, you solemnly promised before God, and called upon him to witness that you said, that you would *love and cherish* your wife, and give her all the riches you had."

"Hold, hold, good Sir," said Hobson eagerly, "I do not at all remember making that promise to you." "Did not you promise," resumed Mr. Dorset, "at the time you gave her the ring, as a token or remembrance of what you said, that you would *endow her with all your worldly goods*. Now what do you suppose is the meaning of those words, solemnly promised before God Almighty? What is the meaning of promising to *love and cherish* till death separate you? Is it not promising to be kind and assist and defend her? The meaning of the word *endow*, is to *give*. You therefore promised to give her all your worldly goods. Only think then, how you break this vow you made her, when instead of *loving and cherishing, helping and defending* her, you abuse and treat her ill. Instead of letting her have an equal share with you in all your worldly goods, that is, in your money, you spend it upon your own drinking, refuse her any part of it, and then scold, and sometimes beat her, because she complains of your cruelty; and then you say your house is destitute of every comfort. It well may be, and so it always *must* be, whilst you behave so badly. But do not, John, presume to say you do not *wrong* any one, whilst such is your conduct. Your children likewise have all a claim

claim upon you to cherish and provide for the God hath declared by the apostle St. Paul, that *any man provide not for those of his own house,* is, his own family, *he has denied the faith, and worse than an infidel;* that is, such conduct is unlike what ought to be the behaviour of one who professes to be a disciple of Christ, that, whatever he may call himself, he, by his actions, denies faith in his Saviour, and therefore is more execrable than a downright infidel, who does not pretend to believe in Jesus. Only then consider what a sad state you reduce yourself to. You certainly rob yourself of every present comfort, expose yourself to being taken up for not paying your rent and other debts, are ruining your health, the constant habit of drinking such strong liquors, and, worse than all the rest, you are ruining your own soul. This is a serious matter, and well deserves your attention; for you may depend upon it, as surely as you and I are now talking together so surely is it, that unless you repent of your ways, and alter your manner of life, you will certainly ruin your own soul eternally. You and I, continued Mr. Dormer in a very solemn tone of voice, *are neither of us boys; and it cannot be a great many years before we must die.* And then what do you think will become of us, if that time which God lent us to spend in his service, has been squandered away in following our own evil lusts and doing the work of the devil? We must expect, if, whilst we are in this life, we offend God by disobeying his laws, that he will, when we die, admit us into his Heavenly Kingdom. No, we must not flatter ourselves with such a thought.

the promises of God are fixed, and cannot be
 changed. And he has solemnly assured us, that no
 drunkards, or Liars, or Unjust persons shall ever
 enter into heaven. On the contrary he has declared,
 that all such wicked persons shall be cast into hell,
 and be tormented for ever and ever with the
 devil and his accursed spirits. Can you then think
 it worth your while to lose the joys of heaven,
 and suffer the dreadful pangs of hell, for the sake
 of indulging yourself in drinking and an idleness?
 A man's soul, Hobson, is of more value than all
 the riches of the Indies; and if we could gain the
 whole world, so as to have it all at our own com-
 mand, yet, if we were to lose our own souls by so
 doing, it would be a miserable bargain; for it is im-
 possible for us to receive anything in exchange of
 such value for our soul."

"Ah! Master Dormer," replied John, shaking
 his head, and looking very serious, "sure enough
 it must be a bad job for a man to get himself into
 hell-fire; he had better get any where else; for
 it will be but an uncomfortable bed to lie on; I doubt
 he will not be able to sleep very sound, or have
 any pleasant dreams whilst he is there." "I fancy
 so," resumed Mr. Dormer, and what is worse than
 the rest, John, is, that whenever a man or wo-
 man does get there, they will never be able to
 make their escape again. It will then be too late to
 ask for mercy, or supplicate pardon of the Al-
 mighty. When once our righteous Judge has pro-
 nounced that dreadful sentence upon us, to go ye
 into everlasting fire, there will then be no
 other appeal. The day of Grace will be ended,

and

and those who are then found *silly* and *unrighteous* must continue *so forever*." "Pray, Sir," enquired Hobson, "what do you mean by the day of *Grace*?" That time," replied the Dormer, "in which God is pleased to grant you means of repentance, is called the *Day of Grace* and that time is now yours. This very moment the Lord calls upon you, by what I am now saying, to forsake your evil ways, to repent of your sins, to turn unto him with all your heart, and *save your soul alive*. You know, John, I have tried to persuade you a great many times to alter your way of living. You have always appeared offended with me for so doing: but you should consider I have no interest in striving to convince you of your sin; your own good, and the saving your soul from endless torments, are the only reasons that induce me to speak to you. You must surely think it can neither be any *advantage* or *pleasure* to me to spend my time in your dirty house talking to you; nor can I have any other motive for doing so, but that of compassion to your soul. I assure you, was it not in the hope of converting you from the great evil of sin, and the dreadful hazard you run of being miserable forever, I would never trouble myself to talk thus to you, or offend you by so doing."

John mumbled out something about not being offended; but he was so little accustomed to say anything of the civil kind, that his speech was not very clear one.

Mr. Dormer and Hobson had now reached James Fisher's door, who, from the time that Mr. Dormer had so earnestly addressed his discourse to Hobson, had walked at some distance behind, lest he should have been thought impertinent, as he was not concerned in their conversation. Mr. Dormer stopped, and waiting till Fisher came up to them, he told him he would just step in and see his wife and children how they did, "And," added he, "our neighbour Hobson shall, if you please, come in with me, and see how much comfort people in your station of life may enjoy if they will but use their own pious endeavours to secure it."

Fisher bowed, and most cordially invited them to enter, declaring nothing ever afforded him and his family so much pleasure as his visits and comfortable advice. He then opened the door, and, stepping back, desired Mr. Dormer and Hobson to walk in.

Hobson, who seldom saw any *private* house but his own miserable dirty hovel, was struck with the appearance of neatness and convenience so much beyond his expectation. Mrs. Fisher was making a new blue and white apron; the eldest girl was ironing her father's shirt upon a nice clean ironing cloth: one girl was mending a stocking, another little one was knitting; the eldest boy, who was about eight years old, was making cabbage nets, and two others, who were younger, were playing about the room. They were all neat and

C

clean,

clean, and every thing looked comfortable and tidy. To be sure the room was small; but every thing in it was in its place, and as it should be. Stone plates upon the shelf were whole, and placed in order. The candlesticks and tinder-box, on the chimney, were as bright as silver, and saucepans and tea-kettle, which hung up above them, looked as nice as if just brought out of shop.

After Mr. Dormer had talked for some time with Mrs. Fisher and the children, he took his leave, then continuing his walk with Hobson, he said, "I hope, John, you are now convinced, that it is the unkindness of your heavenly Father which places you in that distress and poverty to which you are reduced. To my certain knowledge you have more money pass through your hands than Fish has to maintain himself and all his family in the credit and comfort in which you see them. Is it then a shame to squander it away only upon your own drunkenness, instead of supporting your wife and children as you ought and easily might do."

Hobson replied, "If *his* house looked like *this* there would be some comfort in being in it; but I had no pleasure of his life in his nasty place; his wife and children were always plaguing him out whenever he was at home for clothes, or to get for the bread, or one thing or another, so that I *hated* to go near them."

"I have already told you," said Mr. Dormer,

that it is intirely your own fault you are so *plagued*, you call it. If you would let the resolution to give your wife all you earn, and let her pay for the food, and the clothes, and only keep yourself sober, and mind your work, I will answer for it, you will soon see your home as comfortable as Filmer's; Instead of the reproaches of your wife she will always receive you with smiles and good humour, and have a nice dumpling, or some good warm broth, and sometimes a nice piece of meat ready for your dinner, and now and then a pint of good Living fo, John, would do you more good, and make you stronger for your work, than all your stams and sotting at the alehouse can."

Hobson, shaking his head, replied with a deep sigh, "Sir, it is *impossible*. I wish I could do as you say, but it is out of my power." "How do you mean," enquired Mr. Dormer, "that it is out of your power? Does any one *compel* you to go to the alehouse, and there sit and drink, or play at cards, or quots, till you have squandered away all your money? Are you not in a land of liberty? May you not do as you please? When I advise you to act otherwise, you sometimes tell me that the money is your *own*, and you are not accountable to any man how you chuse to spend it; surely, therefore, you have also the same liberty of *saving* it, if you chuse to do so. And if your drunken companions should laugh at, and deride you for so doing, do not you regard that, but be a man of resolution than to pay any attention to the mockery of *spots* and *sots*, for I can call those by no

no better names, who would try to persuade a man to act wickedly because they do not chuse to be good: besides, John, though *they* might what you call *make game* of you, yet *wiser* and *better* men than they are would *applaud* and *commend* you; your wife and children would respect and love you; your own *conscience* would be at peace, and God Almighty would forgive and bless you." Mr. Dormer observing that Hobson looked uncommonly attentive, continued to use every argument to prevail upon him to alter his manner of life, assuring him it was not only necessary he should do so for the sake of his present comfort, but also in order to save his soul from *everlasting damnation*.

After Mr. Dormer had stopped speaking, Hobson with tears in his eyes said, "As I told you just now, Sir, it is impossible I can ever be in comfort. I already owe to my landlord, and the baker, and the shop, more than I shall ever be able to pay. How then is it possible I can ever get forward, have things in comfort about me? Who will ever let me have a house or decent apartment, when they know I have not paid for my present lodging, and I am sure I can never have any comfort in the future. And how can I get beds, or tables, or chairs, or any thing without money? So that if I was to leave off going to the alehouse to-night, I should not be the better for it."

"You are greatly mistaken," replied Mr. Dormer. "If you will but resolve to do so, and faithfully bring me home all your wages of a Saturday night."

for two months, I will engage for it, that you
 find your situation much improved by that
 e. To encourage you to save what you earn,
 ead of squandering it away, I will promise to main-
 your wife and children for the next two months,
 out spending one farthing of what you put into
 hands; that is, provided you give me *all* you
 At the end of that time you will find you
 re sufficient to pay your debts. You may then
 e a new creditable lodging, and begin life upon
 uth score. If the money I shall have in my hands
 not be sufficient to buy tidy clothes for your
 and family, I will make up the deficiency. I
 also find furniture for your new habitation,
 ch shall be your own as long as you continue to
 yourself sober, and bring home your wages;
 if you take to your present idle, drinking, bad
 ses, I shall then look upon you as my debtor,
 insist upon being paid for it." Hobson thank-
 Mr. Dormer for his kind offer, and promised to
 about a reformation if he possibly could.

There is no doubt," said Mr. Dormer, "but
 can do it, if you will! but set the resolution to
 do, and earnestly pray to God to assist you to
 it when made. Without the aid of our hea-
 y father we can do no good thing, nor so much
 orm one good thought. Of ourselves we are
 weak and helpless creatures. All *our suffi-*
cy is of God. But then, my friend, though we can
 nothing of *ourselves*, yet is the Lord ever ready
 willing to assist those with his grace who ear-
 ly and humbly call upon him for help. He will
 not

not reject the prayer of the sincerely penitent
ner; nor will he refuse to strengthen the good re-
solutions of those who wish to forsake their evil ways
and turn to him." Mr. Dormer then went home
with Hobson, pointed out to him the great dif-
ference in the appearance of his wretched habitation
and the comfortable neat house they had just quitted,
as also the miserable, tattered condition of his starv-
ing children, when compared with the clean healthy
family of Fisher. He then told Mrs. Hobson
proposal he had been making to her husband,
respecting keeping his money for him, she clasped
her hands together, exclaimed, "May the good
God of heaven forever bless you for your kindness.
You have already often and often preserved
and my children from starving with cold hunger,
and kept my heart from breaking with sorrow.
if you can now reclaim my husband you will
an angel indeed." Upon saying which she burst
into tears.

Mr. Dormer was much moved, and Hobson
promised to amend. Mr. Dormer then proposed
they should all kneel down, and unite in prayer
to God, that he would be pleased so to change
the heart of Hobson, as to make him sincerely
penitent for his past sins, and enable him to keep
good resolutions he had then formed. After
the good pastor took his leave, promising to
visit him again the next day; which he did, and renewed
exhortations to Hobson. He continued frequently
to visit him, and was happy to have his pious
amply rewarded, by the reformation which

in Hobson's conduct; who, forsaking all his companions and evil ways, became a sober, industrious man, regularly attended the public worship of the church twice every Sunday, and spent the evening of that day in instructing his children, from being little miserable, half-starved, ragged beggars, became healthy, tidy and reputable beings. Mr. Dormer, by way of encouraging both father and children as much as possible, put as many of them to school as were of a proper age to be taught reading and writing. In a few years, Hobson was enabled, by his frugality and industry, to purchase a small house, instead of the lodgings Mr. Dormer placed him in, and there he lived in comfort and reputation, till he had the satisfaction to see all of his children well settled in the world, and was only able to get their own living, but still by their dutiful contributions, to support their mother when they were unable to work any longer themselves. They both lived till a good old age, and Hobson died praising God, and with his last breath declaring, that *Virtue's ways were ways of peace, and altho' paths are plain.*

THE END.

A LIST OF TRACTS. HIS NO. 1. S.

Madge Blarney, &c.
 Delays are Dangerous.
 The Affectionate Orphans.
 The Wreck.
 The Wife Reformed.
 Betty Gilis.
 Jeremia's Whims.
 Murder in the Wood.
 The Good Step-mother.
 Never fly from your Duty.
 The Two Coolings.
 The Honest Publican.
 The Parish Nurse.
 SUNDAY READINGS.
 The Widow of Zarephath.
 Ahab and his Suppliers.
 The History of Samson.
 The History of St. Peter the Apostle.
 The Sower.
 The Unfruitful Fig Tree.
 Eli, the High Priest.
 David the Chosen of God.
 John the Baptist.
 Prophecies relating to Jesus Christ.
 Sacred Biography. Part I. II. III.
 Reflections on the Victory off the Nile.

P O E T R Y,

Richard and Rebecca.
 The Good Aunt.
 The Wanderer.
 The Fatal Choice.
 Easter Monday.
 Mistaken Evil.
 The Distressed Mother.
 Elisha, &c.
 Jack Flint the Soldier. Parts I. II. III. IV.